

Portland September 5th 1843

Dear mother

I received your letter of the 25, the next Saturday. We are all well, excepting Mrs Wells, and Sophia, who have been confined to their room, and bed, the most of the time since last thursday morning. Mrs W with cholera morbus, but I do not know what the matter is with Sophia, she has been stupid and slept considerable, but they are recovering slowly, though I do not think Mrs W will be in the school-room this week. Miss White takes her place; and everything goes on in the usual manner excepting the bible exercises, which are omitted. We have been called on to assist a little in doing house work. I am now drawing trees with foliage, which is more difficult than anything I have taken before, I find I shall not have time to go farther than trees, and vessels, before school closes. The self-instructing drawing book cannot be obtained. I took the Oxford drawing book home for Miss White to look at, the price of which was three dollars and a half, she said it was a very good book, but if I wished another

for patterns for Mary I should be obliged to get ^ book of patterns (as there were not trees enough in that), which would be 50 ct more, better

she said I had ^ wait till I could send to Boston, where I could get books that would answer the same purposes, for half the money, I think I shall get nothing here but eight, or ten, pencils. I shall get through my history, in about a week, but shall not go through the Algebra this quarter. I spent an afternoon of week before last with Mrs W and most of the family, at Mr Chutes. Miss Greene and I called on the Misses Adams, last week. Mrs Wells told me

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Maine Historical Society (Local code: Coll. 89, Box 1/15)

Date: Sept. 5, 1843

Description: Lydia Patterson, at school in Portland, wrote to her mother in Kennebunkport about her school progress. She was especially interested in drawing.

Sept. 5, 1843

one day last week, that she had that day received a letter from a clergyman, to whom Elizabeth Lord is engaged to be married. She said she thought he was a man of excellent habits. Elizabeth is with her mother. I suppose you will think I do not improve much in writing, but it is discouraging to try to write well with a pen, made with a knife, which has been used by nearly half the school. I am sitting before three lamps, two with pins in the tubes ready for use, but one has gone out. I am happy to say the girls are spending their evening in the other room. Miss Whittier has gone over to the cape, to visit her Aunt. I attended a lecture last evening, delivered by a blind man, on the education of the blind. If I had known that you had all been to see the caravan, I should have had a stronger desire to have gone. It was here the next Friday Miss Browne Miss Toole and Lucy went. Miss B. expects her father this week, to accompany them home, after going to the white mountains. I should like to be at home to-night, I have pleasant dreams of home, and sometimes awake almost expecting to see Mary by my side, but I suppose it is not worth the while to be homesick now, as I have but four weeks more to stay, and probably but one more letter to write. Julia Ives called last Wednesday she was undecided about going to Troy, but if she went, was going the next day. Tell father I have not broken the five dollar bill yet. I believe I have nothing more to say to-night.

Wednesday morning. Mrs Wells, is not quite so well this morning. I believe the rest of the family, are about as well as usual. I shall expect a letter from you this week, my love to friends. From your affectionate daughter, Lydia Patterson.

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